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W. C. House

# VIOLET, WITH EYES OF BLUE!

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ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR,

L. CLARKSON.

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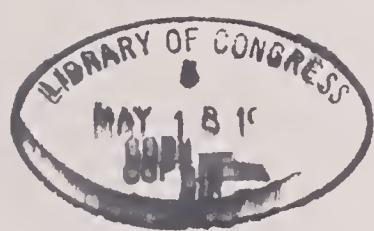
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A. HOEN & CO., Lithographers and Printers,

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C O P Y R I G H T E D,  
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By J. L. SIBOLE.

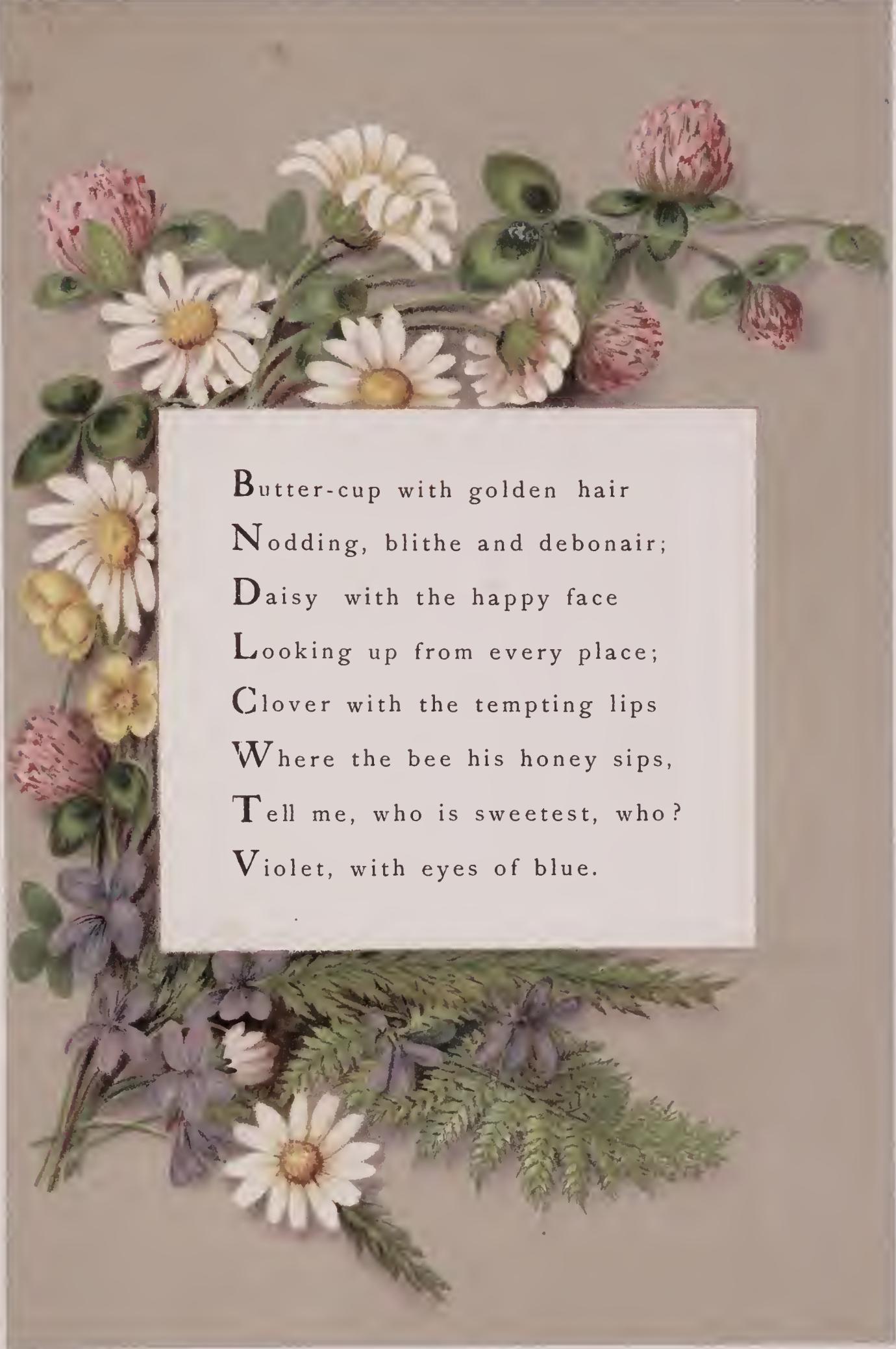


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TO  
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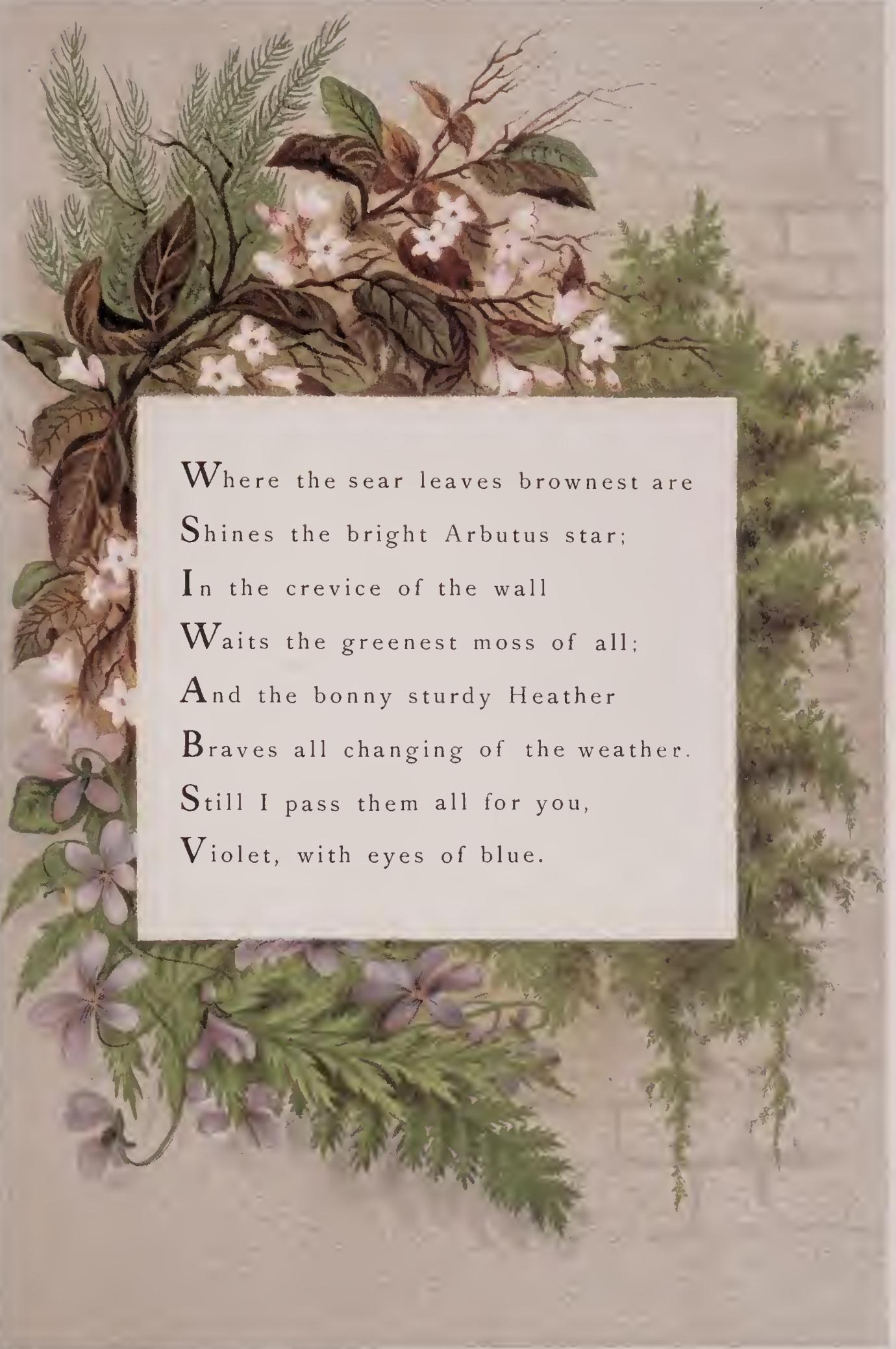






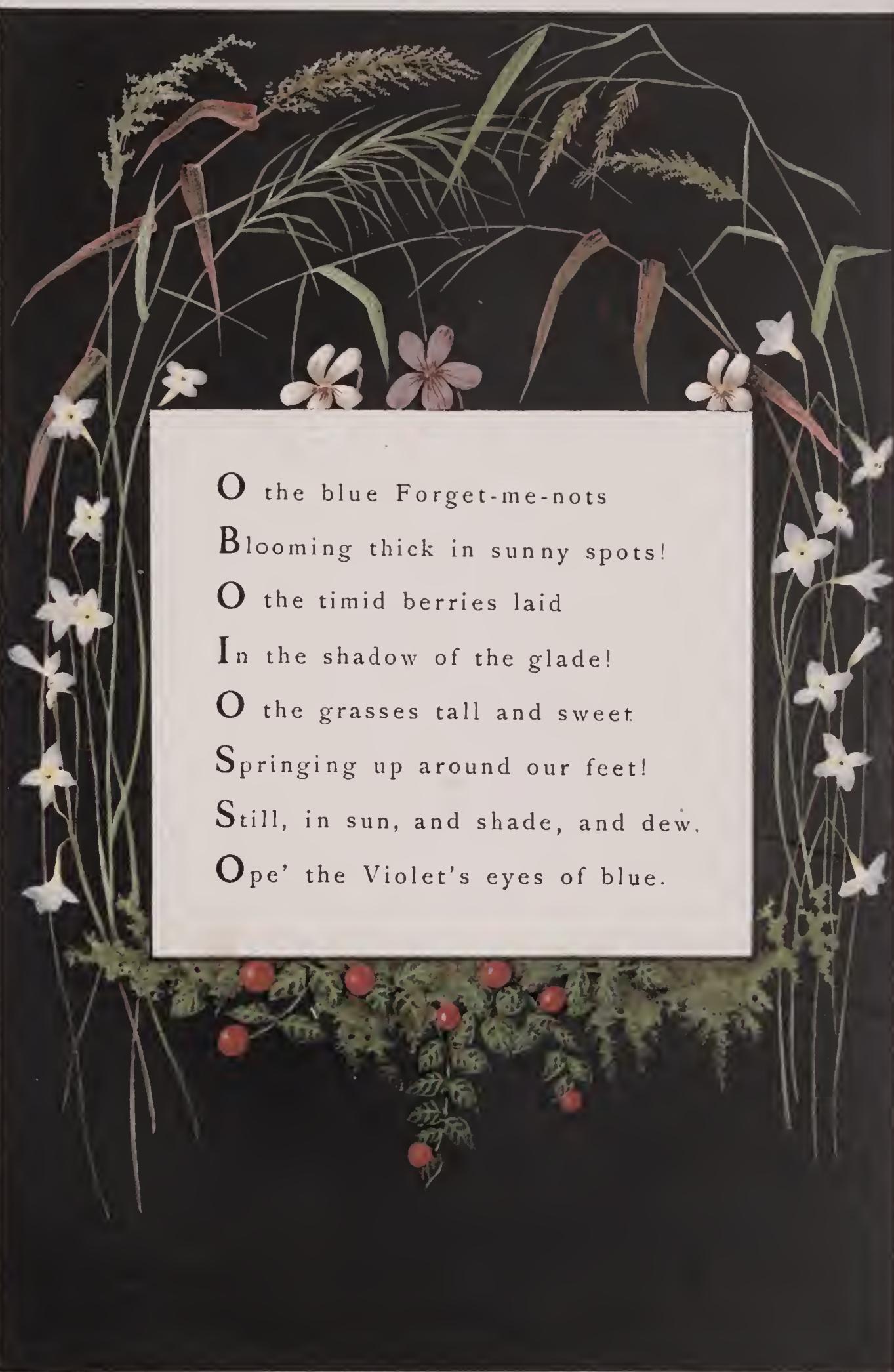
**B**utter-cup with golden hair  
**N**odding, blithe and debonair;  
**D**aisy with the happy face  
**L**ooking up from every place;  
**C**lover with the tempting lips  
**W**here the bee his honey sips,  
**T**ell me, who is sweetest, who?  
**V**iolet, with eyes of blue.





Where the sear leaves brownest are  
Shines the bright Arbutus star;  
In the crevice of the wall  
Waits the greenest moss of all;  
And the bonny sturdy Heather  
Braves all changing of the weather.  
Still I pass them all for you,  
Violet, with eyes of blue.





**O** the blue Forget-me-nots  
**B**looming thick in sunny spots!  
**O** the timid berries laid  
**I**n the shadow of the glade!  
**O** the grasses tall and sweet  
**S**pringing up around our feet!  
**S**till, in sun, and shade, and dew.  
**O**pe' the Violet's eyes of blue.



Wild, the Honeysuckle grows;  
It is sweeter than it knows.  
And the Mountain-pink is fair,  
And the Wild-rose hides with care  
All her thorns, and beckons still  
For the vanished Daffodil.  
And I wait and beck for you:—  
Come and be my lover true,  
Violet, with eyes of blue.



MUSHROOM INNOCENCE.





Free 'ittle toad-stools,  
Don't you see?  
Jes' as tunnin' as  
We tan be.

Where did we tum from?  
We don't know.  
Guess from the same place  
Violets grow.



What are we dood for?  
Jes' to teep  
Rain from de mosses  
When dey sleep.

What else dood for?  
Lem' me see!  
Fool boys, sometimes,  
'Tween you an' me.

How old are we?  
Don't know quite,  
Reckon we tame in  
A shower, last night.

Where are we goin' to?  
O my soul!—  
Wif all de flowers, in  
A Gate Big Hole.



MY FLOWERS.



*Möglungen*



*K.O.E.X.E.*



## “MY FLOWERS.”

They are so very dear to me:—

My Pansy first,—for memory.

I hold this best, because I trace

Upon its happy, human face

A thought of Somebody, most dear.

And when I put a Pansy near

My lips, you'll know I'm thinking of

The far off Somebody I love.

Sweet Apple-blossom! Little one,

Waiting to tell of Winter done.

The first thing with a Summer face,

That comes,—heart-full of love, to grace

The barren boughs! Who would not be

A messenger of hope, like thee?

Who would not gladly fall and die,

To have ripe fruit come, by and by?



Here is a branch of Brier-rose;—  
The quaintest, fondest thing that grows.  
There's something in its fragrance wild  
That makes me once again a child,  
And wafts me back to a dear friend  
And a dear promise at an end:—  
O brave, true heart! we stoop to lay  
The Sweet-brier on thy grave to day.

And here with thoughtful hand, I take  
My Heliotrope: and for his sake  
Who chose it for my flower, I let  
It whisper to my thoughts, “Regret.”  
For he, who gave me many a spray  
Of blossoms sweet, has passed away  
From earthly things, and left to me  
Only this flower of constancy.



A friendship, warm and bright and brief,  
Is painted on the Autumn leaf.  
  
In my bouquet I give it place,  
Because there is a voice,—a face,—  
  
It brings back, and a maple-wood  
Where two Octobers, in gay mood,  
  
We strolled; nor thought the Fall to reach  
  
When each is stranger unto each.

Is it a memory or a dream  
That ever pictures the bright gleam  
Of Holly-berries in the snow,  
  
With happy scenes of long ago?  
  
O “Holly Hall!” Forsaken place,  
That in our lives has left no trace,  
  
Save, as the swift years gather snow,  
We look for berries, as they go.



I walk through sunny fields of clover,  
And while the singing birds fly over,  
I pluck the sweetest bloom of all.  
  
There's Some one—whom' I love to call  
"My Clover," she is fresh and sweet;  
You'll know her, if you chance to meet,  
By just that, pleasant wholesome air,  
And call her type the fittest there.

Fresh Bitter-sweet! and instantly  
Grave, earnest eyes look full at me.  
A friend worth loving—strong and true  
And oh! so tender-hearted, too!  
Less of her own than others' need  
She thinks, and into generous deed  
Each kind thought blossoms—like this vine,  
That gives its red to cheer the pine.



'Twas Spring-time when the Baby died,

And over all the country-side

Young flowers sprang in joyous groups;

And through the air went golden troops

Of butterflies. But with eyes dim

I said, "The Lily 's best for him."

And there upon his bosom lay

The lily-of-the-valley spray.

What shall I say my Violet,

Of thee? I tell my heart, "Forget

The many words, the many faces

They bring me back from long lost places."

And now, in lonelier days, I weep,

So many violet thoughts to keep.

Ah! each flower can some love recall;

But Violets will speak of all.



HARVEST OF 1876.







## “HARVEST OF 1876.”

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The summer lilies, white and pink and gold,  
Sprang up exultant from the pregnant mould.  
A hundred years had Freedom sown his seed,  
And from this harvest, asked a hundred fold.

Turn up our furrows, O great plow of Thought,  
And drop, O Knowledge, all the seeds you've brought;  
While Genius scarcely waits the breaking sod  
To show her eyes the mines with treasures fraught.

Across our fields the World hath come to-day,  
And to all men we freely give away  
The bread of welcome. Manna from the cloud  
Were not more plenty:—Brothers eat and stay.

But Autumn, with her garnered fruits, hath passed,  
And other worlds have sought their homes at last.  
And we are resting, with their laurel wreaths  
Upon our shores in parting tribute cast.



Of all the glad seasons, let this Christmas be  
Gladdest, with loyal generosity.

A Nation's hopes have ripened into deeds,  
And all her gifts are lavished gloriously.

O crowned triumph! O Centennial Year!  
We lay away thy sheaves without a tear;  
For ours has been rich harvesting, and we  
Have seen the perfect grain within the ear.





O latest violet, that the Fall  
Hath somehow found within her store  
Of Asters, Nature loves thee more  
Than summer's flowers; more than all  
The red and gold in Autumn's track,  
And waits for thee to give her back  
Again, a promise of the fair  
Sweet Spring, when thou art everywhere.

FINIS.





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